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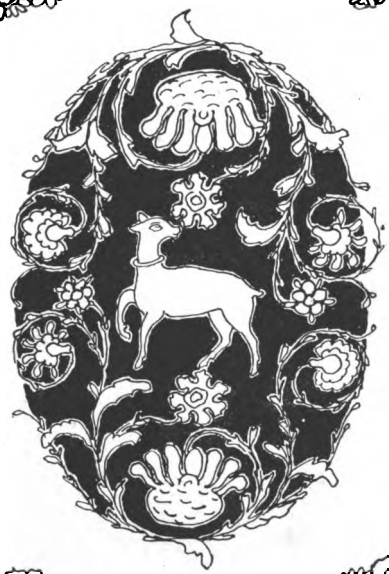

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First Series

JAPANESE FAIRY TALES
Second Series

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Do not to others what would
be disagreeable to yourself.
Hindu Proverb

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They lost their way in a wood, where a Brahman found them Page 53

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HINDU TALES

Retold by

TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

Author of "Japanese Fairy Tales"

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MAUD HUNT SQUIRE

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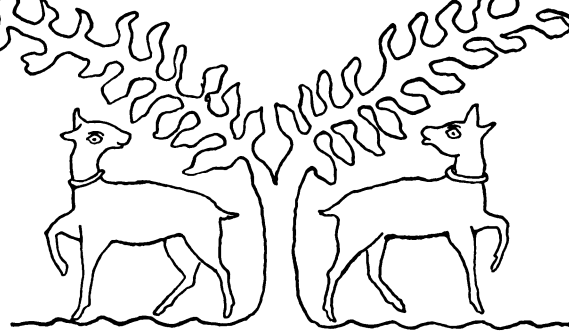

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A FOREWORD

AFTER the day's work in the fields, with no light save that of the moon and the stars, the men, women, and children of the little Hindu villages gather for their only recreation—listening to the tales of the village story-teller. Where did this man learn his stories? From some earlier story-teller to whom, as a child, he had listened. Thus from generation to generation, wholly by word of mouth, have these stories been passed down, the unwritten literature of a simple, story-loving people.

The tales contained in this volume were selected from a large number collected from various sources, and were chosen because they were the favorites of the four little listeners, my self-appointed critics, with whom I shared them.

THE AUTHOR

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It is not good to forget a benefit.
Hindu Proverb

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Let no man think lightly of good.
Hindu Proverb

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The great King from a distant city chanced to be riding that way Page 18

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THE WONDERFUL GARDEN OF DREAMS

IN a city in India lived a little girl who had no name. Her mother died when she was just a baby, before there was time for her to be named, and her father—well, when he wanted to speak to her he just shouted, "You, there," and she always obeyed him, so that seemed to be name enough.

As she grew older he found plenty for her to do. Early in the morning she had to get up to milk the cow, clean and polish everything in the house, and prepare breakfast for her father. If there were more than he wished to eat, little

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You There could have what was left. After that she had to take the cows of the village out to pasture and watch to keep them from wandering away. When the sun was straight above her she returned to her home and prepared dinner for her father, then went again to the fields to care for the cows. At sunset the tired girl returned with the cows to finish her work at home.

Finally she became so worn out with all this work that she asked her father to bring home a wife to do the work of the house. The father brought home a new wife, just as she asked, but, dear me! what a poor sort of a wife she was! She was big and fat and lazy. She ate enough for three people, and would n't even drive the flies off her own food, much less prepare the meals for other people. So poor little You There had twice as much work to do as before.

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It was very hot out in the fields, too, for there were no trees near this village, not even a bush, nothing but the long grass. In fact, the people of that village hardly knew what a tree looked like, for only the men who had traveled far away to other towns had ever seen one. The poor little girl had to stay out in the hot sun all day, watching the cows, with nothing at all to shade her. No wonder that she grew very tired and sometimes fell fast asleep.

One day she fell asleep and dreamed such a pleasant dream. She was sitting in a beautiful garden full of tall, feathery palms and spreading mango trees, and with a lovely fountain splashing its cool waters in the center. But something writhing and squirming in her lap awakened her. It was a huge spotted snake. Ugh! How it wriggled and slipped!

She was just about to scream and run away, when she saw that the snake was in trouble, and she was sorry for even a snake who needed help. So she asked gently, "What do you want, poor snake? Can I help you?"

"Yes," said the snake, "the hunters are after me and will kill me. Will you let me coil myself about your feet so that your skirt will hide me until they have gone away?"

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Now this little girl did n't like cold, crawling, slimy things coiling about her feet any better than you or I would, but she was very kind-hearted and did not want to see even a horrid spotted snake killed, so she said, "Well, coil around quickly, and please, oh, please lie very still and don't squirm one bit, and I'll promise to hide you until they are gone."

The snake had no sooner hidden than the hunters came. "Have you seen a big spotted snake going this way?" they asked.

"I was asleep," said the little girl. "The sun was hot, and I was tired. I just woke up, but I don't see any snake here now." So the hunters went on, thinking the snake was ahead of them.

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After they were gone the snake came out and said, "Little girl, I want to make you a gift as a reward for saving my life. Ask the finest thing you can think of, for I can give you anything."

"There are just two things I should like to have," said the girl. "One is a name, something besides You There, which I don't like at all; the other is a beautiful garden, full of tall palm and mango trees, with a lovely fountain splashing its cool waters in the center. I really think I'd rather have the garden, for this sun is so very hot."

"All right," said the snake. "A garden you shall have, a wonderful Garden of Dreams, the most beautiful one possible. You shall have the name, too, but that will come later. Just close your eyes one moment."

She closed her eyes, and what the snake did then I'll never tell you, but when he said, "Open," she opened her eyes to see the garden of her dreams.

How cool and pleasant it was in the shade of the tall palm tree, with a fountain, tinkling like a silver bell, in the center of the garden!

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Just then she noticed the cows were straying away, so she hopped up and ran after them. Then what do you think became of the garden? Why, it hopped up and ran along, too. Really, it did—that beautiful garden full of tall palm and mango trees, with the lovely fountain splashing its cool waters in the center. The tallest palm tree ran right along beside the little girl. Its cool shade covered her every movement, and when she was ready to sit down, there was her beautiful garden with her, and she could rest in its shade.

When the sun had set and she drove the cows home to the village her garden went with her, and waited all night just outside her door, and the fountain tinkled her a song while she slept.

One day, as she was sleeping under her palm tree, the great King from a distant city chanced to be riding that way. He was tired, and he was hot, and he was thirsty, and when he saw the cool shade of the trees and heard the tinkle of falling water he cried to his men, "See, here is a garden, as lovely as one in a dream, and the only one in all this treeless land. Dismount, tie your elephants and camels, and rest while I sleep in the shade of this mango tree."

The King slept, and he awoke to find his mango tree running away and pushing him along

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as it ran. The palm tree ran, the mango tree ran, the fountain ran; the elephants bellowed and the camels grunted, but they ran also, all after one stray cow. When the little girl, under the tallest palm tree, had driven the cow back to the other cows, she sat down and the beautiful garden settled into quiet again.

Then the great King spoke to the little girl, and will you believe it, he called her by a beautiful new name—Aramacobha, which means "Wonderful Garden of Dreams"—so at last she had a name, just as the snake had said. The King asked her about her wonderful garden, and she told him all about the snake and how he came to give the garden to her.

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The more the King saw of the garden the better and better he liked it, and he wanted it and the little girl for his own. So he asked her to come to his palace with him and be his Queen, and share her wonderful Garden of Dreams with him always.

When they reached the palace of the great King the garden sat down outside the door of the palace, just under the windows of the new Queen Aramacobha, and the little fountain tinkled her a song all through the day and all through the night.

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THE MAGIC FIDDLE

IN India there once lived a sister and seven brothers. The brothers were all married, and their wives were older and stronger than the sister, but nevertheless this one poor little girl had all the cooking, cleaning, and serving to do for all seven brothers and all their seven wives as well.

Even this would not have been so hard to endure if they had been kind to her. But her

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brothers cared nothing for her, for she was only a girl; and her brothers' wives hated her—all the more, because she worked so hard for them and yet never complained.

"Why cannot the stupid thing say something, at least, when I slap her?" cried the oldest wife.

"Is n't it vexing," sighed the second wife, "to have to endure such patience? I am fairly sick from it."

Then the third wife, the big, fat one, burst into tears, and sobbed, "You don't know what I suffer at her hands! Why, just this morning, when I pinched her for letting my rice get cold, all she could do was to smile and say, 'I am so sorry.' Why, you have no idea how nervous I am getting from such things."

So one and all decided that they really could not stand her any more, and would have to find some way to get rid of her before they all became ill because of her and her ways.

"Could n't we push her into the well?" asked wife number four.

"Better put a cobra into her bed, to bite her," said the fifth wife.

"No, that would n't do, for it might bite us," said number six.

Then little number seven, with the big, big

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eyes, squealed, "Oh, I know! I know what to do! We must set the Bonga on her."

"Oh, yes, the Bonga!" they all cried.

Then some one said, "Ssh! Ssh!" and all else was spoken in whispers.

That noon when the little sister went to the well to draw water it dried up before her eyes. "Oh, what evil thing have I done, that the water should dry up before my eyes?" she cried.

No sooner had she said this than the water slowly began to rise again. When it had risen to her ankles she tried to fill her pitcher, but it would not go under the water.

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The Prince called the Yogi into the palace Page 27

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Then she cried to her brothers, "Oh, my brothers, the water rises to my ankles; still, my brothers, the pitcher will not fill!"

The water continued to rise until it was even with her knees, when she began to wail again, "Oh, my brothers, the water rises to my knees; still, my brothers, the pitcher will not fill!"

The water continued to rise, and when it reached her neck she cried, "Oh, my brothers, the water rises to my neck; still, my brothers, the pitcher will not fill!"

The water kept on rising and rising and rising, until it was over her head, and then she called again, "Oh, my brothers, the water measures a man's height; now, my brothers, the pitcher begins to fill."

The pitcher filled with water and sank, and with it sank the little sister, and was drowned. Then the Bonga changed her into a Bonga like himself, and carried her off.

A tall bamboo growing near a spring now became her home. The bamboo grew and grew, until it was much larger than any of the others around the spring. A Yogi saw it, and said to himself, "I'll cut down that huge bamboo and make a fine fiddle of it."

So he started to cut it with his ax, close to the

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root, but the bamboo called out, "Don't cut me at the root! Cut higher up!"

He started to cut the bamboo near the top, but the top cried out, "Don't cut me near the top! Cut lower down!"

Again he tried to cut near the root, but the root cried out, "Don't cut me near the root! Cut higher!"

At that the Yogi became angry and cut the tree down near the root and made a fine fiddle out of it. It was a wonderful fiddle, and when any one played on it all who heard the music said, "That sounds just like a girl singing!" and all who heard it longed to hear it again.

The Yogi went from village to village playing, and everywhere people came in crowds to hear

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the wonderful fiddle that sounded just like a girl singing. They came to hear it once, and they came to hear it twice, gladly paying any price the fiddler asked, for the music was sweet to their ears.

At last the Yogi became very rich, and very vain, for he thought the people gave so much money to hear his playing instead of the singing voice. In fact, it made him angry to see how much the people loved the wonderful fiddle, and he became most unkind to it, though it, alone, had made his fortune.

One evening he was playing before the palace of a Prince. The music became sadder and more beautiful than usual, and the singing voice in the fiddle seemed to say, "O Prince, save me from this unkind Yogi!"

Of course no one but the Prince heard and understood the words, but he at once knew that the fiddle must be a magic one, so he called the Yogi into the palace.

"What makes this wonderful music, friend Yogi?" asked the Prince. "Is it the cunning of your hand, or is there some magic in the fiddle?"

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The Yogi bowed very low, and answered, "I hate to admit it, dear Prince, but I must say that the wonderful music is all in my hand. This fiddle is really a very poor affair, and it takes great skill to make any music sound sweet upon it."

"You are very sure of that?" asked the Prince.

"Most noble Prince, take from me all that I own if I am not telling you the truth. Really, the fiddle is scarcely worth carrying about at all, but I've nothing better."

"Then, my most wonderful Yogi, let me present you with my finest fiddle. What music we shall now hear! But just leave the old fiddle here with me, since it is so poor a one."

"O best of Princes, how kind you are! But I really could n't part with that old fiddle, even if it is so worthless, I have carried it so long and am so used to it. I'll take both."

Just then the Prince heard, very plainly, a soft, sweet song coming from the fiddle. No one was touching the strings, but the song was sweetness itself, and seemed to say, "Oh, save me, save me, kind Prince!"

So he said to the Yogi, "If the music is really in your hand, as you say it is, then you are better off with the fine new fiddle I have given you. If, as I believe, you are lying to me, and the music

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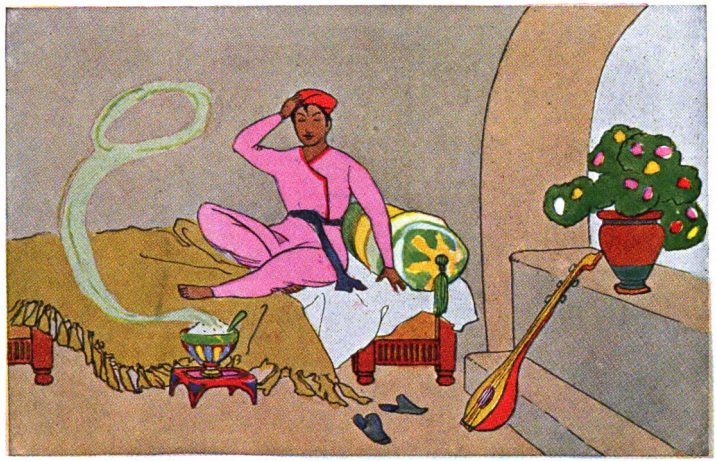

is really in this magic fiddle which you so despise, then I have the right to take anything of yours that I wish, for you just said that I might if you lied to me. Whatever you do, and wherever you go, this old fiddle will stay here with me."

The Yogi turned and ran away as fast as he could, taking, of course, the new fiddle, but he never again earned any money by playing, for now no one cared to hear him.

The Prince took the magic fiddle to his own chamber and stood it in a safe place. In the morning, when he awakened, he found a bowl of steaming rice beside his bed. It was really the best rice he ever had tasted, but he wondered how

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it came there. That evening, when he returned, there sat another bowl of rice, and also a large dish of sweetmeats. "Some one certainly is my friend," he thought, "but who can it be?"

In the morning, when he found his breakfast all ready for him and steaming hot, he determined to watch and see who was so kind to him. He watched and listened all day, but nothing happened until the sun was beginning to sink. Then he heard a soft rustling near him. The top of the fiddle lifted, and out slipped a beautiful girl. She quickly cooked rice and prepared sweetmeats,

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set them under the head of his bed, and was just slipping back into the fiddle again when he sprang out and caught her.

"Now you won't have to live in that fiddle any longer and be a Bonga. You shall be my Princess," he said.

Then how glad she was! 'T was worth being drowned and then living in a bamboo and finally in a fiddle, to have, at last, so kind a husband and so beautiful a home.

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LITTLE TOE BONE

"GOOD morning, Mr. Tiger," said the little, wee boy very politely. Then he went on playing a pretty little song on his reed pipe.

"Good morning," growled the big Tiger, much surprised, for really he was just about to swallow the little, wee boy. "You are a very polite little boy, I see, so I'll give you a choice. Would you rather I'd eat you or all your sheep?"

"Would you mind if I ask my auntie? She takes care of me, and these are her sheep. I watch them every day, and I think I ought to do just as she wishes me to, don't you?" asked the little, wee boy very politely. Then he went on playing the pretty little song on his reed pipe.

"You are a very polite little boy, I see, so I'll wait till you ask your auntie. Does she live far away?" growled the Tiger, looking rather hungry.

"Oh, yes, she lives far away in the village, and

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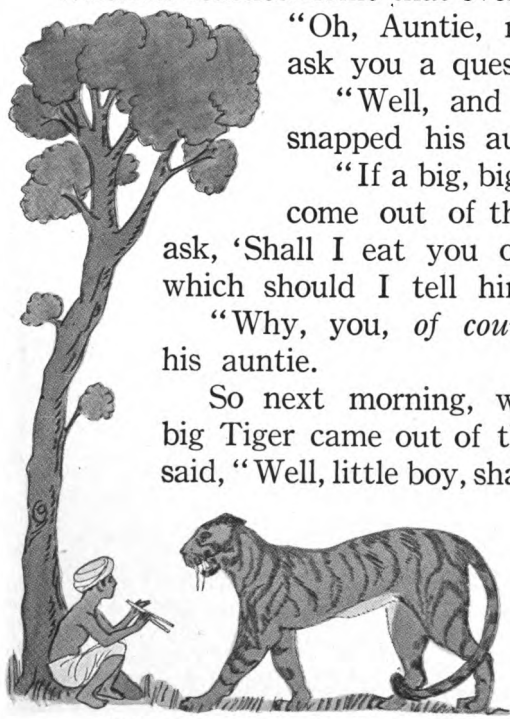
I must not drive the sheep home until sunset; but I'll tell you the very first thing in the morning, Mr. Tiger," said the little, wee boy very politely. Then he went on playing the pretty little song on his reed pipe.

When he reached home that evening he called, "Oh, Auntie, may I please ask you a question?"



"Well, and what is it?" snapped his auntie.

"If a big, big Tiger should come out of the jungle and ask, 'Shall I eat you or the sheep?' which should I tell him to eat?"

"Why, you, *of course*," snapped his auntie.

So next morning, when the big, big Tiger came out of the jungle and said, "Well, little boy, shall I eat you or all of your sheep?" the little, wee boy answered, very politely, "Me, *of course*, Mr. Tiger." But the little, wee boy did not play any pretty little song on his reed pipe.

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Then the big, big Tiger looked at the little, wee boy, and he coughed, and he switched his tail; then he looked away up to the tiptop of the tree, then he looked away off into the jungle, but he did not seem in a very great hurry to eat the little, wee boy.

"If you please, Mr. Tiger, if you must eat me I wish you'd do it right away, for it is n't any fun to wait," said the little, wee boy very politely.

"You're a very polite little boy," said the Tiger, "and I don't like to eat you at all, but I must live. Is there anything I can do for you after I eat you?"

"Yes," said the little, wee boy. "After you've eaten me and picked all my bones very clean, will you lay them in a nice, tidy pile at the foot of this tree, and will you take my little toe bone and tie it up in the very tiptop of the tree?"

"Certainly I will," said the Tiger, and he did, just so.

When the winds blew, the little toe bone rocked and swung on the topmost branch, and the little white bones lay in a nice, tidy pile at the foot of the tree.

One night five robbers stopped there to divide the money they had stolen. They sat under the tree, and began to count out the gold and silver

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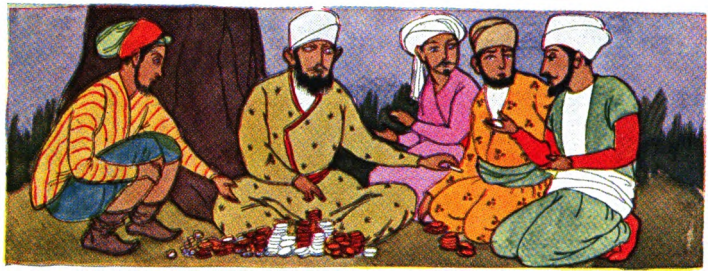

into five piles. Then the little toe bone in the tiptop of the tree began to rock and swing harder than ever. The tree flung its branches about, and the wind whistled by. Black clouds covered the stars, and the rain came down in torrents. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and right in the worst of the storm the little toe bone dropped from the tree right on top of the chief robber's head.

"Oh, help!" he cried. "The sky is falling on us to punish us! Let us run! Let us run!"

Away they ran through the jungle, leaving all their silver and gold in piles under the trees.

Then the storm stopped, and the stars shone again on a wonderful sight. The little toe bone had rolled from off the robber's head right upon the tidy pile of little white bones, and they had turned into the little boy once more, and there he sat, playing a pretty song on his reed pipe.

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When day came he found clean stones, white and red, blue and green, and he dug a hole in the ground like a great cup, and lined it with the stones. The white stones were at the bottom, and the blue and red and green stones were about the top, like a border. Then he played on his reed pipe, very sweetly, and all the mother animals from the jungle came to him to feed him, just as they would their own little ones.

There were mother tigers and mother leopards, mother lions, and even mother deer. When he had had enough he put the rest of their milk in the little pool he had made of the stones. Every morning they came out of the jungle to feed him. He drank all he wished, and the rest of the warm, white milk he put in his pretty pool. Then all day long he sat under the tree and played on his pipe. All the sick and hungry animals came to him and he let them drink from his pool, and they always went away well and happy.

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DEVAPALA

DEVAPALA was the servant of a rich merchant in India. No one ever heard of a better servant than he, so kind was Devapala, and so faithful. His work was to take his master's cows to graze by day, and to milk, feed, and care for them evening and morning.

Most of the year this part of India was hot and dry; there were few trees to shade one from the burning sun. But when the rainy season came all this was changed. There were drops of rain in the sky, and the lightnings filled the heaven; the troops of long-tailed peacocks danced with joy; streams flowed where dust had been before, and the rumbling clouds, like great water jars, poured down the rain.

Devapala had taken his cows to graze and was returning home. On his way he came to a river

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swollen by the flood of rushing water and very hard to ford. On the other side of the river he saw floating an image of Jina. Now no good Hindu would let an image of Jina be tossed about in the rushing river, so Devapala waded over, pulled the image to land, and set it up under a pipal tree. Then as he went back he made a vow that he would not eat again until after he had worshiped the image. But it went right on raining, oh, ever so hard, — so hard Devapala could not ford the river to worship the Jina. It never had rained so hard before. The great water jars in the sky were certainly turned upside down, and for seven days it did not stop. Seven days is a long time to wait for one's breakfast, but Devapala did not forget his vow. He would not eat one crumb until he had worshiped the image of Jina.

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On the seventh day the rain stopped at last. The sun shone out, and the water from the wet earth ran off down to the swollen river.

At last Devapala could ford the river and go to the pipal tree, where the image was yet standing. He worshiped the good Jina as he had promised, and to his surprise the image spoke to him.

"O Devapala," it seemed to say, "I am much pleased with such faithfulness. Go to sleep, and see what I shall do to repay you."

So Devapala lay down and slept by the side of the image of Jina.

Now on this very day and hour the King of the city died from cholera. As he had no son to be king in his place, the ministers said, "We do not know who will be King. What can we do? Shall we let his elephant choose the next king?"

They all thought that would be the easiest way, so they brought out the King's favorite elephant, put on his finest crimson and gold trappings, and fastened the gold and silver headpiece on his head. Then they took a pitcher filled with water, tied it to the head of the elephant, and let him go. All the ministers ran along to see where he would go, and all the people ran along, too, to see on whom the King's elephant

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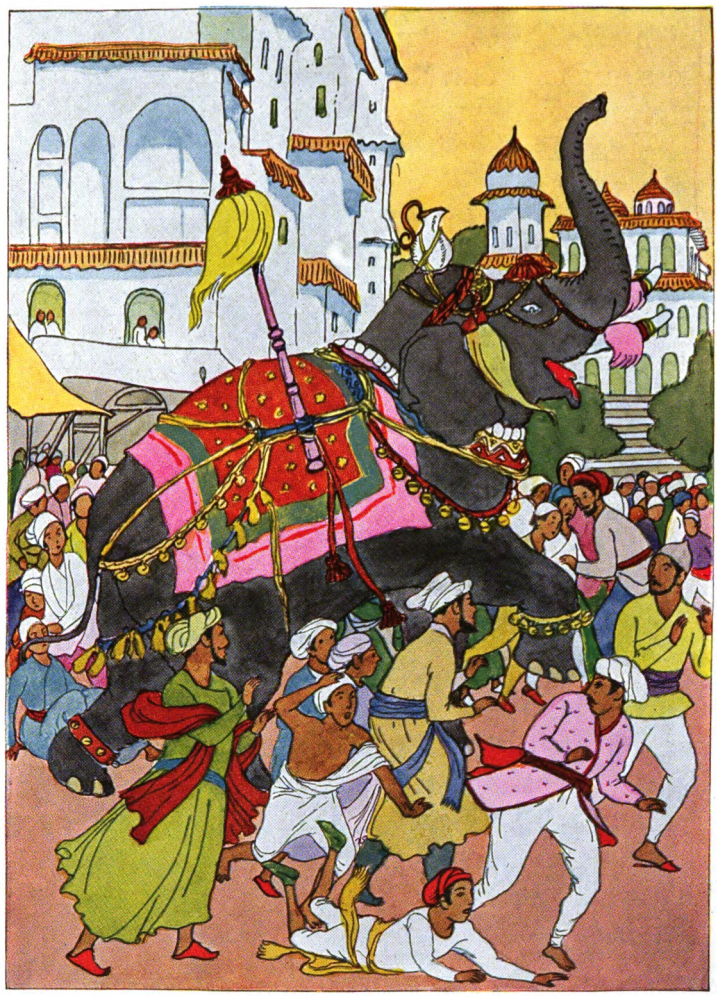

All the people ran along to see on whom the King's elephant would spill the water

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would spill the water. You may be sure there were many who tried to get in his way, and all tried to be very near him so that if the water spilled it might fall on them. What a pushing and jamming there was, with people swarming before and beside! But the grand old elephant held his gold-trimmed head high, and not one drop of water did he spill.

When the pushing crowd became too thick, up went his trunk, and oh, such a trumpeting! The people scattered then, and kept out of his way, for they saw he wanted no one of them. He walked on and on until he came to the pipal tree by the river. There, by the image of the good Jina, lay Devapala, fast asleep. The elephant bent his head, and poured all the water from the pitcher over the sleeping servant.

The ministers were glad, and the people all shouted, "Hurrah! Here is our King! Hurrah!"

The ministers took the splendid garments they had brought and dressed Devapala in them, put him on the King's own elephant, and brought him to the palace—a King!

Now the merchant was very cross indeed to lose such a good servant, and as he walked by that same river he came upon the old clothes Devapala had been wearing before the elephant

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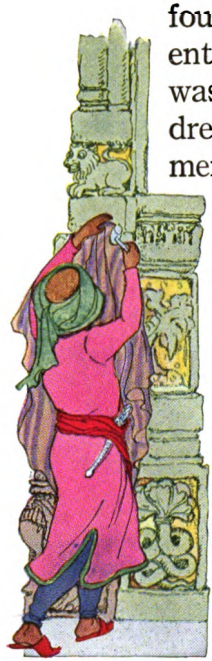

found him. They were very different indeed from the clothes the King was now wearing. Really, they were dreadfully dirty and worn, for the merchant had given Devapala only rags to wear.

"Why should he become King?" said the merchant. "He was a very good cowherd, and I wanted him for that. I think I'll just show the people whom they have on their throne."

So he took the dirty, ragged clothing and at night he nailed it up on the gate of the palace and wrote above it, in large letters, "Here are the real clothes of your King."

In the morning as the people came flocking past the palace gate they saw the filthy rags there and read the writing above them.

"Is it possible," they said to one another, "that our King wore such dirty things as those?"

"How disgusting! I wonder if the elephant did n't make some mistake."

"Are elephants really so wonderful after all, do you think?"

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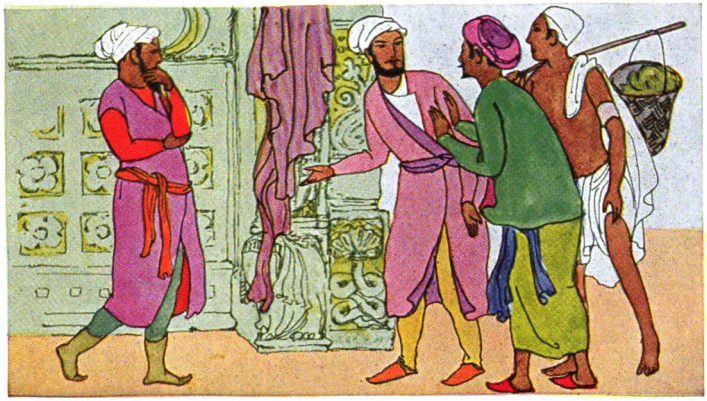

When the King heard what the people were saying, and saw how they felt, he was very sad. But when he went to worship the Jina (as he did each morning before breakfast), it said to him, "Go home, and make an elephant of clay. Set it up before the gate of the palace where all can see it. Then mount it, just as though it were alive. Feed it whole grain as you would a real elephant. Do as I tell you, and you need not fear."

So Devapala the King went home and did just as the Jina told him to do. He made a mighty elephant of clay, and placed it before the palace gate. Then he mounted it and fed it whole grain, as though it were alive. All the people crowded around to see what Devapala the King would do with his clay elephant.

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"Oh, look," they cried, "he is feeding his clay elephant whole grain!"

"Why, it's eating it!"

"See! It is walking!"

"It surely is alive!"

Then the elephant raised his trunk, and trumpeted as no elephant ever had trumpeted before.

The people all fell on their knees and cried, "He *is* our King, our wonderful King! We will love him and serve him always."

Right by the pipal tree, close by the swollen river, Devapala the King built a beautiful temple, and in it set up the very image of the Jina which he had found. And every morning and every evening he went to it, bearing sweet-smelling things — camphor, sandalwood, and fragrant flowers.

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LITTLE BUZZ-MAN

ONCE upon a time a soldier died, leaving his wife and one boy. They were dreadfully poor; in fact, they had nothing whatever in the house to eat. So the boy said to his mother, "Give me four shillings, and I'll go out in the world to seek my fortune."

"My boy," said his mother, "how can I give you four shillings when I have n't even a penny?"

"Let's look in the pockets of father's old coat," said the boy. "Perhaps we'll find something there."

They did look, and sure enough, there were six shillings, really more than the boy needed to take with him while seeking his fortune.

"Here, mother, you take two shillings. You can live on that until I return. The others will help me win my fortune."

Off he went, gayly jingling the four shillings

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in his pocket and looking sharply about on all sides to see where he could find his fortune.

Soon he came upon a huge tigress lying under a tree, licking her great paw and groaning so fearfully that even the leaves on the trees shook.

"Well, I know that she is no fortune," he said, "but I suppose I ought to help her, anyway. Mistress Tiger, can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, if you would only pull this thorn out of my paw," moaned the tigress, and the very tree shook with her voice.

"Please put your other paws a little farther away, for your claws are very sharp, and I'll try to draw it out."

So she moved her other paws as far away as she could, and he pulled and tugged, and finally drew out the thorn.

As a reward for his kindness she gave him a small box, but told him not to open it until he had gone nine miles.

He took the little box in his hand, and gayly started off to seek his fortune. At the end of the first few miles he found the box growing heavier and larger,—in fact, by the time he reached the seventh mile it was so heavy he could scarcely carry it. At the eighth mile he cried, "That box is too heavy to carry another mile, or another

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foot even! I don't care what is in it!" And he threw it on the ground so hard that it was broken.

Just then out of the crack in the small box there crawled a little old man only a foot high, with a beard a foot and a half long trailing on the ground under his feet and behind him. He began to stamp and scold, but the Soldier's Son only laughed.

"Well, you are the heaviest man for your size on this side of the sea! What is your name?"

"Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man," cried the little old man, still stamping and scolding. "And why did you throw me down that way? Don't you know I am going to be your gentle, patient, faithful servant as long as you need me?"

"Well, gentle, patient, faithful Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, can you get me something to eat?

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For truly I am starving. Here are four shillings to pay for it."

The little man, still stamping and scolding, snatched the money, and, whiz! boom! buzz! off he flew, like a big dragon fly. He flew to a candy store in the village. There he stood, this little foot-high man with his foot-and-a-half beard trailing under his feet and behind him, and he roared in a mighty voice, "Ho! ho! ho! Mr. Candy Maker, give me some of your very finest candy."

Now he happened to stand right behind a pile of boxes, so the Candy Maker could not see him at all. All around the room, and out the window, and down the street looked the Candy Maker.

"Dear me, I thought I heard some one speak," said he.

At that, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man was in a great rage. He flew at the Candy Maker, pinching

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and biting his legs, and screaming, "Of course you heard some one speak! It's I, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, the gentle, patient, faithful servant of the Soldier's Son. I want one hundred pounds of candy, wrapped up in a neat package, and I've money to pay for it here in my pocket." As he stamped and scolded, he loudly rattled the four shillings in his pocket.

The Candy Maker very obligingly wrapped up the hundred pounds of candy in a neat package and handed it to the little man, when, whiz! boom! buzz! away he flew, like a dragon fly, with the four shillings still in his pocket.

Straight he flew to a Baker's. There he stood, this foot-high man, with his foot-and-a-half beard trailing under his feet and behind him, and roared in a mighty voice, "Ho! ho! ho! Mr. Baker, give me some of your finest cakes."

Now he happened to stand right behind a barrel of flour, so the Baker could not see him at all. All around the room, and out the window, and down the street looked the Baker.

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"Dear me, I thought I heard some one speak," said he.

At that, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man was in a grand rage. He flew at the Baker, pinching and biting his legs, and screaming, "Of course you heard some one speak. It's I, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, the gentle, patient, faithful servant of the Soldier's Son. I want one hundred cakes wrapped up in a neat package, and I've money to pay for them here in my pocket." As he stamped and scolded, he loudly rattled the four shillings in his pocket.

The Baker very obligingly wrapped up the one hundred cakes in a neat package and handed it to the little man, when, whiz! boom! buzz! away he flew like a dragon fly, with the four shillings still in his pocket.

The Soldier's Son was just wondering what had become of his foot-tall, gentle, patient, faithful servant, when, whiz! boom! buzz! the little fellow landed plump at his feet, with his two huge packages, and still stamping and scolding.

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"Now I do hope I've brought you enough! You men have such terrible appetites!"

"Oh, thank you, I think it will be enough, and more too," laughed the Soldier's Son, taking a handful of candy and two cakes. The little man snatched all the rest, and gobble! gobble! gobble! they were all gone in a jiffy.

Now the Soldier's Son and Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, his gentle, patient, faithful servant, still stamping and scolding, a foot-high man with his foot-and-a-half beard trailing under his feet and behind him, traveled far until they came to the city of the King.

This King had a daughter, the Princess Blossom, who was very beautiful, and so small that she weighed only as much as five rosebuds—no more. The Soldier's Son caught a glimpse of her walking in her garden of roses, and at once hurried to his foot-high servant, crying, "O Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, my gentle, patient, faithful servant, carry me at once to the Princess Blossom. I must have her to share my fortune with me."

"Your fortune? And what is it?" scolded the little man, stamping his feet and jingling the four shillings that were still safe in his pocket.

But just the same he took him to the Princess, where she sat in her garden of roses. So pleased

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They set off together to see the world

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were they with each other that they talked and talked. They talked until it was night, and then they talked until it was day again. Then they decided that they could never get through talking with each other, so they just set off together to see the world.

"Now, Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, my gentle, patient, faithful servant," said the Soldier's Son, "since my fortune is made already, I won't need you any more, so you may go back to the tigress."

"Pooh!" said the little man, stamping. "You *think* you won't want me. But here's your four shillings; I saved them for you, and that's more than you could ever do. You'd better take this hair from my beard and tie it around your ankle, and when you want me just burn it in the fire and I'll come at once."

Then, whiz! boom! buzz! off he went like a big dragon fly, and the two young people wandered on, talking and talking and talking.

Now when they had gone, oh, ever so far, they lost their way in a wood, where a Brahman found them, and said, "You two poor children, come with me to my home and I'll feed and care for you." So, very happily, they went to the Brahman's house with him.

When they reached the house the Brahman

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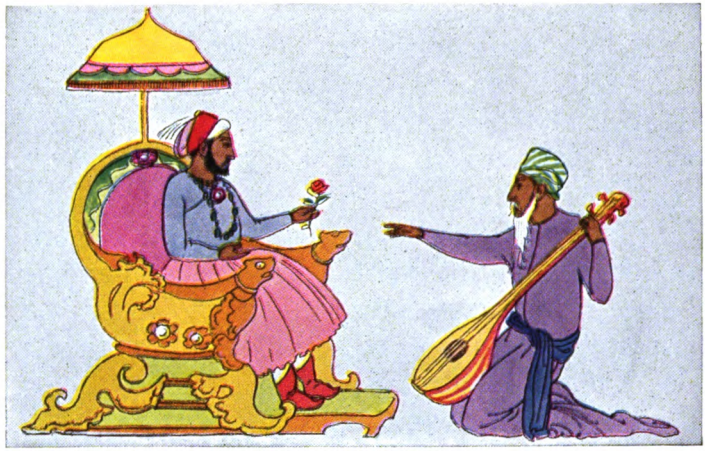

gave them a bunch of keys, saying, "Now just go in and cook anything you want. Open all the cupboards except the one with the golden key. While you are doing this I'll go and find some wood for a fire."

They went in and opened all the cupboards (they were all full of gold and jewels) and *also* the one with the golden key, but that was full of skulls and dead men's bones.

"Oh, horrors!" cried the Soldier's Son. "We are lost! This must be the house of a Vampire, and not a Brahman at all."

Just at that moment they heard him at the door, gnashing his teeth and ready to eat them

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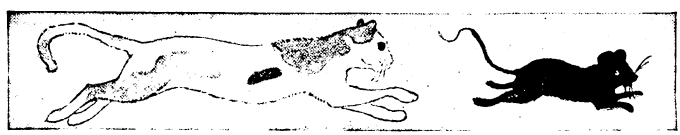
alive. Quick as a flash the Princess snatched the magic hair from the ankle of the Soldier's Son and held it in the fire.

Whiz! boom! buzz! some one came flying through the air like a great dragon fly. The Vampire knew well enough who it was, and had just time enough to turn into a driving rain, hoping to drown Kittle-Little-Buzz-Man, but *he* changed into a fierce wind, which drove away the rain. Then the Vampire became a dove, and dashed away, but that same second the little man became a hawk and was after the dove.

The dove changed into a rose, and fell into the King's lap. At once the hawk, as an old musician, was playing to the King so sweetly that the King said, "What reward will you take for such beautiful music? I will give you anything I possess."

"O King, pray give me the rose that lies in your lap," said the old musician.

As the King handed him the rose the petals fell in a shower. Quick as thought, he snatched them from the ground, all but one, which changed into a mouse and scampered away. Then the



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musician changed into a cat, dashed after, and caught and gobbled up the mouse in a twinkling.

Then, whiz! boom! buzz! back he was beside the Princess Blossom and the Soldier's Son, who were trembling with fear as they awaited the end of this terrible battle. Stamping and scolding, he stood before them, this foot-high man, with his foot-and-a-half beard trailing under his feet and behind him, and said, "Now you go home, you two silly children. You need a mother to take care of you, for you do not know enough to take care of yourselves."

So he filled their arms and pockets full of gold and jewels, and whizzed them home to where the mother of the Soldier's Son had been waiting for him, and her two shillings were almost spent.

She was glad enough to see them, and loved the beautiful, delicate Princess Blossom as though she were her own daughter. So they all lived happily after that, and always had plenty of shillings jingling in their pockets.

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THE PLOWMAN

THIS poor Plowman used to work in the fields near a temple. He had no family or friends, yet he never seemed unhappy. He was constantly listening, as though he heard music that was unknown to others. The wind in the trees, the rain on the leaves, the droning of the insects, and the rustling of the grass formed his choir and orchestra. He knew and loved all the sounds about him, so he was never lonely or sad.

He was poor; so poor, indeed, that he never had anything but a handful of boiled rice for his dinner, but so generous was he that he always laid a part of his scanty food on the temple steps, that no wanderer need leave there hungry.

One day he almost forgot to divide his poor little handful of rice, and he had a bit all but in his mouth before he remembered. He sprang up

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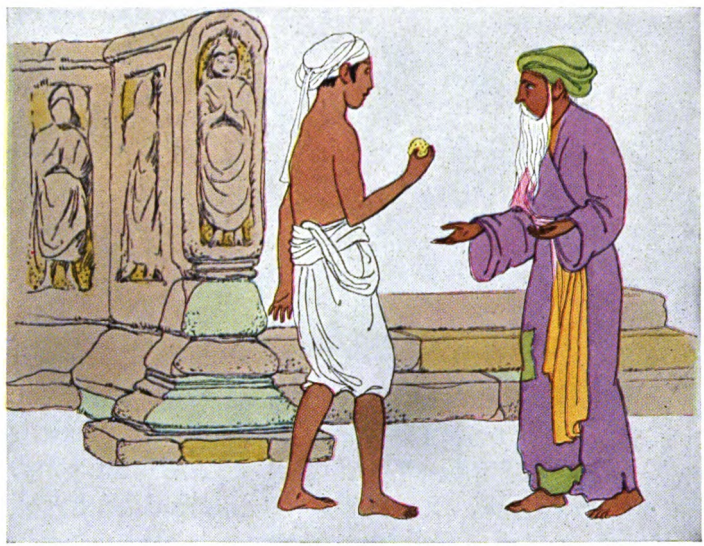

and started to the temple steps, but when he came near he was terrified to see a huge lion standing there. He hesitated for a second, then said to himself, "Well, if I must die in a lion's mouth, so I die. But at least I will not forget my vow to share my dinner with those who are poorer than I." So he walked boldly toward the temple steps, and as he came near, the lion backed away and disappeared.

He put half of his ball of rice on the temple step and had the other half to his lips when a hermit stood before him, holding out a beseeching

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hand. The Plowman hastily divided what he had with the hermit, who suddenly disappeared, just as had the lion.

He had raised the little remaining rice to his lips when an old man appeared. The rice he had left was not enough to divide, so the Plowman handed it all to him. In a moment the old man was gone, but in his place stood a Jina. Now the Plowman was distressed that he had no more rice to offer to the Jina, but he explained that he had given it all away and promised that he would bring some the next day.

"Oh, Plowman," the Jina replied, "I did not come to share your rice, but to grant you a wish. Think well, then ask for whatever you most desire, for anything that you wish is yours."

The Plowman thought for a while, and then said, "What I really wish for most is to be able to play upon a harp some of the music I hear every day around me in the fields and the forest."

"That is a wise and noble choice," said the Jina, "and you shall have your wish. Come with me."

The Plowman swung his plow over his shoulder and walked along with the Jina. After a time they came to a splendid palace, the palace of a great King.

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The poor Plowman was abashed, and said, "I cannot go to the palace of a great King. I am but a poor Plowman. My place is in the fields."

"You must go where I bid you," said the Jina, and he led him into the palace, and up to a seat on a high platform.

"What is all this magnificence, and why are all these Kings and Princes seated here?" asked the Plowman.

"This is a Svayamvara," answered the Jina. "Each one of these Kings and Princes is here to try for the hand of the beautiful Princess. She will show which one she chooses by throwing a wreath of flowers about his neck. These foolish Kings are dressed in all their gorgeous robes because they think she will choose their gold and their jewels."

"But I don't belong here. Let me go away," urged the Plowman.

"Better stay, and here is your plow—just keep that handy," said the Jina.

Presently the Princess came in, and she was more beautiful than music. The Plowman felt sure that she would understand the voices he heard in the fields, and love them, too.

Her father handed a harp to each King and Prince. He paused before the Plowman, and

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looked curiously at him, but the Princess stepped up quickly and said, "Yes, give him a harp, too, for I feel sure that he can play."

The King then made this announcement: "Hear, all Princes and Kings! The Princess has made a vow that if any man can excel her in playing the harp, that man shall be her husband."

The first Prince stepped forward, smiling and conceited. He played so soothingly that a wild elephant was quieted, and became tame from that moment.

Then the second one tried. He played a joyous song. The sky became more blue, the sun shone more brightly, and a barren tree by the palace bore new leaves.

The music of the third was so sweet that even the timid deer from the forest came near.

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"Stupid creatures!" cried the Princess. "Can't you play better than that?" Then she took a harp and played a soothing melody, when lo! the wild elephant knelt down to allow the driver to mount his head. Then she played a joyous song, and the sky became like sapphire, the sun dazzled them with its brightness, and the barren tree by the palace burst into bloom. Next she played so sweetly that the timid deer from the fount came up and lay down by the palace gate.

Then all the Kings and Princes were cast down, for they saw that she could play far more wonderfully than they. Presently, she came to the Plowman, and asked him to play. He was about to refuse, but the Jina whispered to him, "Share with her the music you hear in the fields and the forest. It would be selfish to refuse."

So the Plowman took up the harp, and seemed to be listening to the distant music he so loved. His fingers stole over the strings, drawing out music such as no one had ever heard before. One by one the Princes bowed their heads, and slept. Then down from their proud heads slipped the golden, jeweled crowns. Ropes of rubies and emeralds loosed themselves from royal necks. All this glittering mass came to the feet of the Plowman, drawn by the power of his music.

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The Princess was delighted, and threw over his neck the garland of flowers, showing her choice.

Then the Kings and Princes woke up.

"What! Has she chosen that man!" they exclaimed. "He is not a King, or even a Prince. He is only a Plowman! See his plow! We will take her anyway!"

They dashed toward her, and were going to take her and carry her off. But she clung to the Plowman, and cried, "Save me from those horrid, stupid men! Their music makes me ill. I should die if I had to listen to it always."

So the Plowman stood up and seized his plow. One King drove his elephant at him, to trample him down, but he swung the good plow about

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him, and crash! it went through the elephant's head. A second King drove at him with a chariot and six horses. The good plow swung quickly around, cut open the heads of the horses, and smashed the chariot. By that time there was no one near him save the Princess. The Kings and Princes, from afar, too far for the plow to touch, knelt down and worshiped him.

"O Most Mighty One! to thee belongs the beautiful Princess. Thou art the only King, and we are the dust beneath thy feet," they said, then hastened away, not even waiting for their crowns and necklaces.

The Princess and the Plowman were married, and he taught her to hear the wonderful music of the fields and the forest, and each day he put a part of his food on the temple steps, that no wanderer need leave there hungry.

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THE MAGIC TOP

ALL that I tell you of Mahendra, the Prince of India, happened many years ago, and far, far away, but, believe me, it as surely happened as though it were but yesterday, and on this very spot.

The rains were over, and the fields were again green and lovely, when Mahendra saw a picture of a girl so beautiful that he wished to make her his wife.

He went boldly to the kingdom of her father and asked him for his beautiful daughter. The King sighed and said, "My daughter, the Princess Jani, will not marry any man unless he can bring the fairy Moonbeam to dance at her wedding."

Mahendra replied, "Then I go to find the fairy Moonbeam, and ask her to come to dance at our wedding, for I am determined to marry the Princess Jani."

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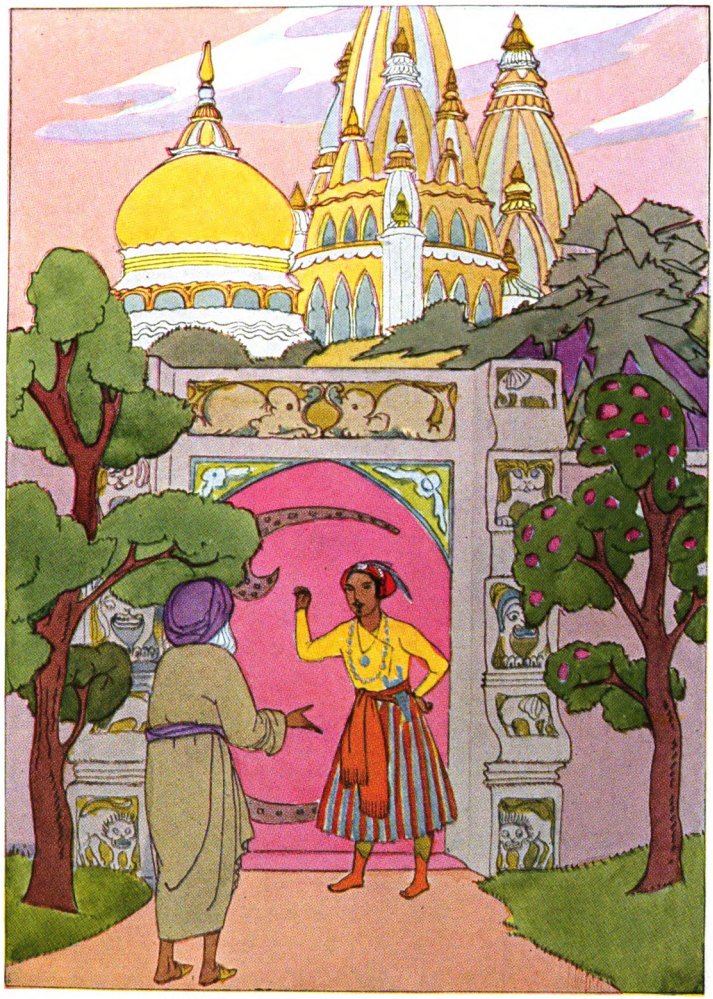

"O Prince, do not try to enter those gates" Page 67

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Off he started on the long journey to the home of the Gnome King, where he knew that the fairy Moonbeam lived. After many days of traveling he came, at last, to the great, white marble gates of the palace. He called and rapped, and tried to open the gates, but received no answer.

At last a little old man called to him, "O Prince, do not try to enter those gates. No mortal ever has. Come here to my cottage, and rest."

The old man had a pleasant, honest face, so Prince Mahendra went into the cottage with him. As they were talking, the Prince noticed a beautiful silver top set with pearls lying on a table. He picked it up and looked at it. "Where have I seen that top before?" he asked.

"That top was given to me by a little boy, many years ago," answered the old man. "He saw me lying by the roadside, sick and alone, and asked those with him to stop and care for me, but they refused to do so, and rode on. The little boy turned and tossed me this top, and called, 'Here, take this. It will make you well.' And do you know, the moment the top touched me I became well, and have never been sick since."

"And do you know," said Mahendra, "I was that little boy. I remember it all now. And this is a magic top. All you have to do is to give

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it to some one as you ask him to do what you wish, and what you ask for comes at once. It is the magic of the top, and no one can refuse. See, I give it to you and say, 'Please bring me the fairy Moonbeam,' and you will do it."

"Oh, I really can't get—" began the old man, but before the sentence was finished he was there, holding the fairy by the hand. Such a dainty, beautiful fairy! No wonder her name was Moonbeam, and all the world had heard of her.

"Make haste and tell me what you wish me to do," she said, "for if the Gnome King finds that I am gone he may come and turn us all to stones, just as he has so many others."

Just then there was a roar like a tempest. The marble gates swung open, and the Gnome

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King himself came bouncing out. His clothes were made of woven gold, and strings of pearls and precious stones were tangled all over him. On his misshapen head he had a gorgeous crown that only made still more hideous the ugly face beneath it.

"Be a stone, and lie where you stand! Be a stone, and lie where you stand!" he cried to the old man and to Mahendra, and they were cold blocks of stone before his words were gone.

Then he turned to the fairy and said, "Come with me, my lovely Moonbeam; I cannot live one hour without you. Come back into the palace with me at once."

The poor fairy Moonbeam was frightened to see what had happened. Just then she noticed the silver top lying where the old man had dropped it when he turned to stone. Of course she knew how to use it, for had n't she been brought there by its magic? She picked it up and gave it to the Gnome King, saying, as she did so, "Here is a gift for you, and by its power be you and yours turned to smoke and ashes forever, and your victims be made to live again."

It was the magic of the top, and no one could withstand it. As the stones sprang into life again the Gnome King crumbled and fell before

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the old man and Mahendra like dry ashes. The marble gates slipped down and disappeared as they fell. Then, like a dream carved in marble and gold, the whole dazzling palace stood revealed. Slowly it drifted away, like a cloud of white smoke, touched with gold, and was lost among the sunset clouds. Where it had stood a short time before lay the level plain, white with dust and ashes.

When Mahendra looked around for the fairy Moonbeam he saw in her place a most beautiful girl,—the girl of the picture.

"Are you the beautiful Jani?" he asked.

"Yes, I am; but for years I have been a slave to that ugly Gnome King, and had to obey him. I had begun to think no one would ever save me from him. Even you could not have saved me if it had not been for this magic top. Now let us go home to my father's kingdom, where we will be married, and let us take with us, as our most precious possession always, this magic top."

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TABLE OF DIACRITICAL MARKINGS

ā . . . . as in **āle**
å . . . . as in **senåte**
â . . . . as in **câre**
ă . . . . as in **ăm**
ă . . . . as in **finăl**
ä . . . . as in **ärm**
à . . . . as in **àsk**
ȧ . . . . as in **sofȧ**
ē . . . . as in **ēve**
ȇ . . . . as in **crȇate**
ĕ . . . . as in **ĕnd**
ĕ . . . . as in **novĕl**
ẽ . . . . as in **cindẽr**
ī . . . . as in **īce**
ĭ . . . . as in **ĭll**
ō . . . . as in **ōld**
ȯ . . . . as in **ȯbey**
ô . . . . as in **lôrd**
ŏ . . . . as in **ŏdd**

ŏ . . . . . as in **cŏnnect**
ô . . . . . as in **sôft**
o͞o . . . . . as in **fo͞od**
o͡o . . . . . as in **fo͡ot**
ou . . . . . as in **thou**
th . . . . . as in **this**
ū . . . . . as in **pūre**
ů . . . . . as in **ůnite**
û . . . . . as in **ûrn**
ŭ . . . . . as in **stŭdy**
ŭ . . . . . as in **circŭs**
ŋ (like *ng*): for *n* before the sound *k* or hard *g* as in **baŋk**
N indicates the nasal tone, as in French, of the preceding vowel
t͡û for *tu* as in **nat͡ûre**
' for voice glide as in **par'd'n**

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A PRONOUNCING AND DEFINING VOCABULARY

[In this vocabulary the definitions cover only those meanings which apply in the stories in which the words appear. The diacritical marks used to indicate pronunciation agree with the latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary.]

abashed (*ȧ* băsht′). Confused or embarrassed.
Aramacobha (ă rä mă cō′bȧ). Wonderful Garden of Dreams.

bamboo (băm bōō′). A grass which has a hollow stem and which sometimes grows to be one hundred twenty feet high; found in the lands near the equator.
barren (băr′ĕn). Without leaves or fruit.
bellow (bĕl′ō). To make a loud noise; to roar.
Bonga (bôŋ′gȧ). A supernatural being inhabiting trees, waterfalls, and fountains.
Brahman (brä′măn). A man of highest caste or rank in India.

camphor (kăm′fēr). The fragrant wood from the camphor tree.
cholera (kŏl′ēr *ȧ*). A disease.
cobra (kō′brȧ). A very poisonous snake found in the warm parts of Asia.
coil (koil). To wind about, to encircle.
cunning (kŭn′ĭng). Skill.

Devapala (dĕ vä pä′lȧ).
dismount (dĭs mount′). To get down from an animal, such as a horse or camel.
drone (drōn). To make a low humming sound.

emerald (ĕm′ēr ăld). A rich green jewel, one of the precious stones.

ford (fôrd). To cross a body of water at a place where it is shallow enough to wade.
fount (fount). A fountain.

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gnash (năsh). To grind or strike together.
gnome (nōm). An elk or fairy.

hermit (hûr'mĭt). A person who lives alone far away from everybody else.

Jani (jä'nē).
Jina (Jĭ'nȧ). A being worshiped by the Hindus.

leopard (lĕp'ĕrd). A large spotted cat found wild in southern Asia.

Mahendra (mä hĕn'drȧ).
mango (măŋ'gō). A very large tree which grows in the warm parts of Asia.
melody (mĕl'ŏ dĭ). A sweet arrangement of sounds.
ministers (mĭn'ĭs tĕrz). The men who manage the affairs of a king.
mortal (môr'tăl). A human being.

pipal (pē'pȧl). The sacred fig tree of India.

ruby (rōō'bĭ). A precious stone, red in color.

sandalwood (săn'dăl wŏŏd'). The fragrant yellowish wood from an East Indian tree.
sapphire (săf'ĭr). A bright blue jewel, one of the precious stones.
shilling (shĭl'ĭng). A silver coin equal to about twenty-four cents in the United States.
Svayamvara (svä'ăm vä'rȧ). The ceremony of choosing a husband.
sweetmeat (swēt'mēt'). Fruit cooked with sugar in such a way that it can be kept for a long time.
switch (swĭch). To swing quickly.

tempest (tĕm'pĕst). A furious storm.
trappings (trăp'ĭngz). Decorations for an animal, such as a horse or elephant.

Vampire (văm'pīr). A person who lives upon others.
vow (vou). A solemn promise.

writhe (rīth). To twist and turn.

Yogi (yō'gē). An Indian wizard.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

INDIA is a land of mysteries. Shut off from the rest of the world by a mountain wall towering in some places five miles high, it has developed races and customs different from those of any other land. The life and thought of some of these people are reflected to an unusual degree in the stories in this book, stories of magic though they are. And while in the reading it is of the first importance that the child obtain the fullest appreciation of the story as a story, at the same time it should be made clear that the characters, the situations, and the "atmosphere" are not altogether those of mythland but are actually to a large extent those of India itself. The following suggestions will serve to show how this idea may be brought out.

I. GEOGRAPHY AND NATURE STUDY

India is shaped like a huge kite with its lower point almost as far south as the Panama Canal, and its upper edges as far north as Evansville, Indiana, a distance of about 1,900 miles. If its eastern corner touched Charleston, South Carolina, it would reach west as far as the eastern line of Arizona.

From references in the various stories to the heat, or to a spring, or a wood, or a storm ("Wonderful Garden of Dreams," p. 15; "Magic Fiddle," p. 25; "Little Toe Bone," pp. 33 and 35; "Devapala," p. 38; etc.), it will be easy to bring out the varying climate and physical character of

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this great country: the cool, elevated stretches along the slopes of the Himalayas; the rich, fertile valleys of the Indus and Ganges, with their seasons of excessive, parching heat and torrential rains; and the coast regions — similar to all coast regions — with their more humid, less variable climate.

In nearly every story there is mentioned some animal, bird, tree, or plant which, if attention is called to it, to its appearance, to the places where it lives or grows, and to other characteristics, will afford a valuable nature lesson.

It should be remembered that the cow in India is not the animal that we know by that name, but a humped variety; and that the elephant and camel are as commonly seen in some parts of India as is the horse in the United States.

The trees of India are beautiful and interesting and many of them are almost unknown elsewhere. The palm (p. 15) is the Hindu's greatest friend. The wood is valuable; the leaves are used to thatch houses and for fuel, and from them are made baskets, cords, fans, and numberless other articles; the fruit supplies food, and the sap is used for "toddy" or wine. The Hindus believe the palm lives for a thousand years.

The mango (p. 15) is famed for the loveliness of its flowers and for its delicious fruit. In *The Voyages of the Sunbeam*, Lady Brassey says: "The mango is certainly the king of fruits. Its flavor is a combination of the apricot and pineapple."

Bamboo (p. 25) is really the name of a tribe of grasses, the largest species of which reaches a height of one hundred twenty feet. Many varieties bloom annually, others at intervals of sometimes many years. All the parts and

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products of the bamboo are utilized in oriental countries. The soft shoots are served like asparagus, or are salted, pickled, candied, or preserved in sugar. The Hindus mix the seeds with honey and roast them. The fleshy fruit of one species is baked and eaten. The stem serves endless purposes. From it are made water buckets, bottles, and cooking vessels. Houses are built from it. It is used in shipping and fishing, for water pipes, and in making all kinds of agricultural and domestic implements. The outer cuticle cut into thin strips is woven into baskets and furniture. It has been called "the most wonderful and most beautiful production of the tropics, and one of nature's most valuable gifts to uncivilized man."

The pipal (p. 38) is the sacred fig tree of India. It resembles our sycamore.

The children should keep a list of these trees as they come to them, and compare them with our own fruit and shade trees, in size, appearance, and usefulness. Similar lists of birds and wild animals will be instructive.

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II. THE PEOPLE AND THEIR HOMES

Although the features of the Hindus are much like those of Europeans, their skin varies in color from the lightest brown to jet black. People of the lower classes generally are darker than those of high class, though toward the south of India, near Madras, the darker type prevails. Many Hindus wash the face, arms, and feet in saffron water to give them a yellow color. They paint the outer edge of the eyelid with lampblack and redden the tips of the fingers and nails with henna.

From the clothing alone three things can be told about a native of India: the section where he lives, his religion, and his social standing. Thus, the Hindu is not only distinguished from the Mohammedan, Sikh, and Parsee, but, to some extent, his caste is proclaimed as well. Certain garments, however, are worn by all Hindus, throughout India. The average Hindu has no expensive tailor's bill, for his apparel consists largely of long strips of cloth wound about the body.

The *dhoti*, the most distinctive Hindu garment, is worn by both men and women. It is a piece of cotton cloth several yards long and about a yard wide, and is wrapped about the hips a number of times with the end tucked in. No buttons, pins, or strings are used. With this, men usually wear a similar piece of cloth, the *chaddar*, thrown across the shoulders and drawn about the waist. The *kurta*, a sort of shirt, and the *angharka*, a short coat, also may be worn.

The head covering for men is either a cap or a turban, the latter a piece of cloth from six to eight inches wide and from ten to fifty yards long. It is wound about the head

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in various fashions according to the station of the wearer. A fine turban is an object of much pride. Women wear the *orhna*, or veil, over their heads.

Sandals or decorated slippers are worn by men, but women frequently wear neither shoes nor stockings. Jewelry of all kinds is worn by both men and women.

Women sometimes wear the *kurta*, and sometimes a short bodice fastened with strings at the back. In Rajputana a full skirt hanging to the knees or a little below is worn. In other places instead of the skirt women wear the *sari*, a long piece of cotton or silk, half of which is draped around the waist and hangs to the feet in folds, while the remainder passes over the head and down the left shoulder.

The well-to-do farmer has his court yard and, with the exception of a shed for his cattle and implements, his entire building is divided into living and store rooms. Most of the houses are simple, with but one or, it may be, two rooms, and a veranda. They are usually clean. A rude stone mill occupies one corner of the dwelling, the mud fireplace another, and a few brass vessels stand against the wall; a box for extra clothing, and the rolls of bedding, consisting of grass mats and quilted cotton rugs, complete the furnishing.

"The Indian village consists of two straggling lines of rude tile-roofed houses facing the roadway and main artery of traffic, with, it may be, a few side streets leading off to groups of still simpler structures, the homes of the low-caste laboring classes who form the larger part of the village community. Round about the village are grouped its pond or tank, wells, groves, and fields."

At dawn the women rise and perform ablutions, then clean the house. Later the men rise, bathe, cleanse their

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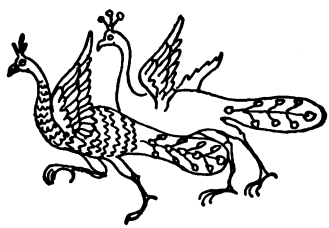
teeth — a duty always faithfully performed — and worship the household god or gods which in each home, however humble, have a niche to themselves where they squat, each on his own altar.

The man of the household makes a *puja* in front of the altar and scatters about this shrine rice and flowers. Then the *hookas*, or long pipes, are lighted, and the women serve breakfast.

The principal dishes on their menus are soup, fish, currie, rice, rice cakes, puddings, porridge, pulse, and fruit. After a meal all chew *pan*, a concoction made from betel nuts.



III. RELIGIOUS AND CASTE SYSTEMS

Although class distinction or caste is today the dominating factor in the life of every native of India, and though even in the shadowy period of Indian history the Aryan people were divided into social grades, during the legendary ages caste, in the modern sense, was unknown. Partly for this reason and partly because a story has ever an added romance when it disregards conventions, in the myths in this book there is little observance of caste law. There is ample

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opportunity, however, for an explanation of the caste system if the teacher finds it desirable to give one.

The first caste, the Brahman (p. 53), is superior to all others. Members of this caste may be, but are not obliged to be, priests. No one dares harm, and all must honor them. They often retire to some lonely place and devote themselves to meditation and self-denial. Some become religious beggars and wander about from place to place living on alms. Even in this condition, however, the Brahman is considered far better and holier than any one in a lower caste.

Rulers and warriors (pp. 18, 27, 45, etc.) constitute the second caste; the third includes farmers and merchants (p. 37); while the fourth, by far the largest caste, is made up of all laborers, servants, and handworkers (pp. 37, 48, 57). Each caste has many subcastes.

A Hindu can never change his caste nor marry one who does not belong to it. To eat with one of another caste is a terrible sin; and to touch one of a lower caste necessitates careful bathing and prayers to be clean again. To "break" caste is worse than to commit a crime; those who have broken caste, or whose ancestors have done so, are pariahs, or outcasts, despised by every one.

The *Yogi* (p. 25) are a peculiar religious sect who try to become unconscious of all about them. They are supposed to be very holy and wise. As an act of special piety they often retain a certain physical position for years. Some have held up one arm until it became withered; some have clenched their fists until the finger nails grew through the back of the hand.

Princesses of the royal blood are the only Hindu women allowed the privilege of choosing a husband. To the

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svayamvara, as the ceremony of choosing a husband is called, come all those wishing to compete for the hand of a princess. Usually there is a contest of some sort, such as singing or verse-making. The royal lady signifies her choice by throwing a wreath of flowers about the neck of the successful prince.

The *Jina* (Jinn or Genii) is, according to Hindu belief, a being less than an angel or god, who is able to take the form of animals or people and who has great power for evil or for good over those who worship it.

The *Bonga* is a supernatural being believed to inhabit trees, waterfalls, and fountains. Possessing magic power, he is supposed to be able to change the forms of others, though unable to change his own.

Throughout India all serpents are thought to have miraculous power and are treated with great respect, although only the cobra or hooded serpent (p. 22) is held sacred. The cobra is considered a protector and harbinger of good. Rude representations of serpents are worshiped in every part of India.

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IV. ART

When one speaks of art in connection with any European country the word at once brings to mind paintings of madonnas and of landscapes, art galleries, and exhibits. With reference to India "art" suggests, instead, the rich color and infinitely varied patterns of oriental rugs and fabrics, the lavish and wonderfully beautiful carvings on temples, palaces, and tombs, and the exquisite ornamentation of brass and silver ware, and of countless articles in wood and ivory. Bright color is characteristic of Indian clothing and decoration.

The illustrations in this book will serve as a starting point for the study of Indian art. Furniture catalogues often contain pictures of oriental rugs that show typical patterns, and the booklets issued by rug dealers frequently contain, besides descriptions of weaving and dyeing processes, colored illustrations that bring out admirably both color and design.

From the illustrations in the stories children should observe Hindu costumes sufficiently to make other pictures for the text.

Indian architecture is very different from European and American architecture, and while this is a subject that cannot be elaborated for this grade, the illustrations (pp. 21, 44, 52, 66, for example) should be used at least to point out the dissimilarity.

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V. DRAMATIZATION

These stories, like other folk tales, lend themselves admirably to pantomime and dramatization. The action in "Little Toe Bone," for instance, is very clear and simple and the conversation natural. "The Magic Fiddle" and "Devapala" are both interesting stories for dramatization of a slightly more advanced character, and certain scenes from "Little Buzz-Man" will be entered into with unusual spontaneity and spirit.

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SUGGESTED READINGS

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FRERE, Mary, "Old Deccan Days." *London: John Murray.*

MANSFIELD, B. M., "Our Little Hindu Cousin." *Boston: L. C. Page & Company.*

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ROWE, A. D., "Everyday Life In India." *New York: American Tract Society.*

RUSSELL, Norman, "Village Life in India." *New York, Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.*

TAYLOR, Bayard, "A Visit to India, China, and Japan." *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

WILSON, Richard, "The Indian Story Book." *New York: The Macmillan Company.*

The article on India in the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

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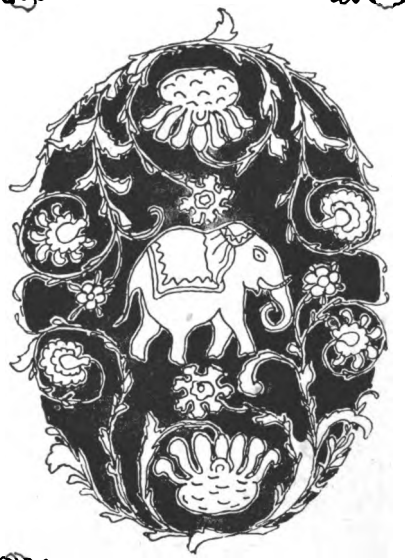

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